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JULY, 1933

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THE BURMA NEWS

H. W. SMITH, *Editor.*

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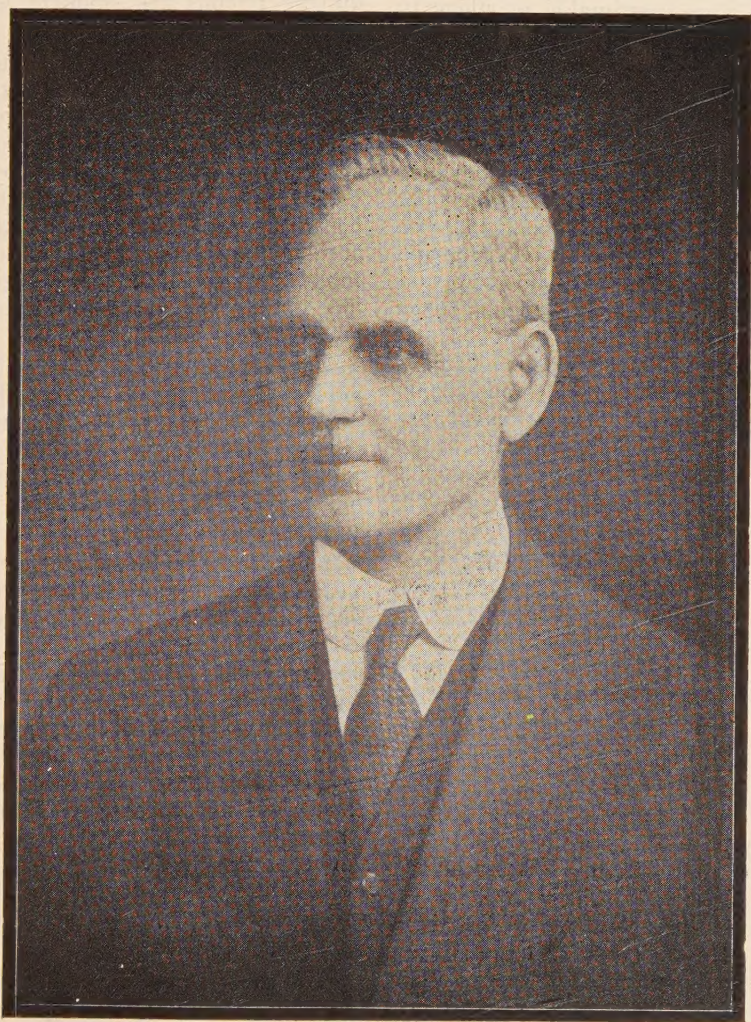
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Rangoon, Burma, July, 1933.

No. 7

Rev. Robert Halliday, D.D., K.I.H.



Rev. Robert Halliday, K.I.H.**An Appreciation**

Our dearly beloved Dr. Halliday passed away the 1st of July. It hardly seems possible that we shall have him in our midst no more.

Besides being a great scholar and missionary, he was a Christian gentleman to an eminent degree. Humility, and courtesy, and kindness radiated from his presence like sunlight from the sun, they were part of him. I have known him intimately for ten years, and he was always the same; I count it an inestimable privilege to have been associated with him. He lived in the atmosphere of 1st Corinthians, chapter thirteen, having that love not easily provoked, that suffereth long and is kind. No detail was too trivial for his attention. I often borrowed from his library, when he would not only send the book, but mark the place I wanted. Harboured no prejudice, his judgment was rare and sound, and his advice often sought.

His work with the English Church was very valuable. He had strong convictions which he expressed not petulantly but kindly. His calls in the parish were frequent, and wherever sorrow was, there he was quickly found to comfort.

His two months of illness were days of meditation upon goodness and God, and of thoughtfulness for those who devotedly ministered to him. He walked with God and God took him. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."
Annie L. Prince.



With the passing of Doctor Robert Halliday at his Mission residence, Mt. Pleasant, Moulmein, on Saturday, July 1, 1933 at 2-05 o'clock in the afternoon, the Moulmein American Baptist Mission circle and the Burma Mission at large have lost one of their gentlest and ablest scholars and one of the most genuinely kind and loving

members and the world has lost one of her finest citizens. Doctor Halliday was universally loved, not only by the Moulmein missionaries and indigenous Christians, but by all types and all conditions of people. They honoured and respected his scholarly, quiet, and devout life. During his recent and hopeless illness of about two months, all kinds of people, from Commissioners and other Government officials to servants in unnumbered homes, inquired for him constantly. The following remarks passed by inquiring friends are eloquent of what he meant to people.

One Scotchman after being told Dr. Halliday's condition, remained silent for some seconds and then said, "He is a good Scot." Then, as though to answer the unspoken question of the listener as to what that might mean, he added, "When you have said that among Scots, you have attributed the highest praise that can be given to any man. You have said everything that is fine."

One of the Moulmein missionaries voiced the feeling of us all when she said, "It has been worth coming to Burma just to have known Doctor and Mrs. Halliday. I have never before seen such a beautiful separation as this of theirs is."

It is with a feeling of reverent hesitation that I mention the lovely and sacred relationship which has been constant between these two. Mrs. Halliday alone watched and waited on him during his whole illness up to within five nights of his passing. It meant much to both of them that they could have these last days together. One day, he aroused from the semi-conscious state in which he was so much of the time during his last week and said, "I don't want to think of anything but what is good and God and you."

The nurses of the Ellen Mitchell Memorial Hospital among themselves spoke of Doctor Halliday as their

"Big Superintendent." One class was disappointed because they could not have Doctor and Mrs. Halliday in their graduation picture as part of their own class.

The Mon Christians were Doctor Halliday's special flock and they knew especially how he was like to His God, plenteous in mercy and able to abundantly pardon. Those who after slipping into sin truly repented, knew how Doctor Halliday always restored them to full and wholesome relationships and never thought about nor remembered their sin when they had truly turned away from it. One time when he had been crushed by the sin of one of his most beloved indigenous brethren he said,

"We all are miserable sinners. While this thing has never been any temptation to me, we must never forget that some are sorely tempted by it."

He followed that apostle's charge in both the letter and the spirit of: Whatsoever things are.....etc.

The younger missionaries felt how fine a father he is to his own children in the kindness of his care and interest and his thoughtfulness toward them.

He had remarkable vision and youthful enthusiasm for new measures, new projects, and new outlooks for mission service.

In the following number of the NEWS will appear an appreciation of his life and his literary and professional achievements.

"His life was gentle and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"



Report of the Funeral Service of Doctor Robert Halliday

The funeral service of Doctor Robert Halliday was held on Sunday afternoon, at 3-30 o'clock, July 2, 1933 at the Mon Chapel and the burial was at the English Baptist Cemetery,

Moulmein. The service was conducted by Mr. Paul Hackett, Dr. Clarence Chaney, Saya Ah Syoo and Saya Chit Pyu. The English Girls' High School choir opened the service by singing, "O Vision Bright, O Lord of Glorious Light." Mr. Hackett then read portions of Psalm 90, Psalm 103, John 14, 1st Corinthians 15, 1st Peter 1. Saya Ah Syoo prayed in Burmese. Miss Hazel Shank sang, "Hark, Hark, My Soul." Then Dr. Chaney gave a most true, inspiring and fitting appreciation of Dr. Halliday, all of which is most worth our repeated consideration. It was as follows: "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord." "Good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful....." "This is a sorrowful and joyful occasion. An hour like this is a declaration* of triumph and faith through Christ and it is fitting that we should pay high tribute and gratitude to God Almighty for the life that has been lived in our midst. His attainments he wore humbly and modestly as a garment and we heard of his accomplishments through others rather than through himself. We are conscious of his beautiful example as Father, Husband, Helper, Social Worker, Christian Minister, Scholar and Friend to all. His going is but the natural sequence — natural and certain as life itself.

'More lovable, more loved
More loved, more missed,
More missed, greater joy of reunion.'

It is a tribute to his life for us to declare our faith in God Himself. Doctor Halliday's going is a time of joy, not of fear. It is a coronation."

Then Dr. Chaney led in prayer that God's will might be done and he prayed for special blessing upon Mrs. Halliday and the children in distant places. Then he pronounced the Benediction.

The chapel was filled far beyond its seating capacity so that both sides of the church were lined with Christians who had no place to sit. The floral

decorations were beautiful and abundant.

The Commissioner and his wife, the Deputy Commissioner and his wife and the clergyman and others from the Anglican church were in attendance. The flag at the Anglican church was at half mast all day and at the hour of service the bell of the Anglican church was tolled.

The pall bearers were Mon Christians — preachers and teachers — who asked of Mrs. Halliday that they might have that special privilege. At the grave the nurses from the Ellen Mitchell Memorial Hospital sang "Rejoice, your Lord is King." Saya Chit Pyu conducted the service in Mon and Burmese.

Doctor Halliday was placed beside his daughter "Christie" who died on October 4, 1923 in the richness*and loveliness of her youth. His grave was beautifully lined with cream linen covered with fresh red roses so that it seemed not at all a grave, but the lovely and fitting resting place for the earthly remains of a soul so quiet, so friendly and so pure. Some of the young women and all the servants of Doctor and Mrs. Halliday dropped roses instead of earth upon the flowers already covering the coffin.

This funeral was one of triumph and is it not a time for rejoicing when a righteous man has completed his earthly labours and has awakened in the fullness of the glory of God?

At the Communion Service of the English Baptist Church on this Sunday evening, Mr. Hackett paid tribute to Doctor Halliday again in the words written by James Russell Lowell for Louis Agassiz:—

AN EQUAL GUEST

His magic was not far to seek—
He was so human! Whether strong or weak,
Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared,
But sate an equal guest at every board.
No beggar ever felt him condescend,
No prince presume; for still himself he bare

At manhood's simple level, and where'er
He met a stranger, there he left a friend.

During the illness of Doctor Halliday the strength which came through the love and sympathy and prayers of all the missionaries and all the Christians was a great and a silent comfort to both Doctor Halliday and myself.

Elizabeth Halliday.



Huldah Wilbur Mix

1846—1933



Not to many is given the privilege of fifty-two years of missionary life in the Tropics. Mr. and Mrs. Brenett J. Mix came to Burma in the party of 1879, of which Mrs. Mix, whose life came to an end June 12, at the age of eighty-seven, is the last survivor. Dr. and Mrs. Nichols were of that party. Mr. Nichols and Mr. Mix were classmates at Colgate where both had pledged their lives to Foreign Missions. To one was given over fifty years of service, to the other but one and a half years.

Huldah Wilbur's native State was New York of which she was always proud. She was born in Sidney, N.Y. and lived at both Binghamton and Fayetville. For her early life I can

only draw on memory, having its origin in morning walks at Toungoo when I was in the "teen age" and she was in her early forties, but I know that she grew up on a farm of which life she had a fund of animal stories with which she used to entertain me. She often told of the large number of cows that she had to milk daily. Her own mother died before she had reached twenty and how greatly she missed her she used to say "God only knew," but she spoke more often of an only sister who had died soon after and between the two sisters there seems to have been a very close bond.

Huldah Wilbur met Brenett Mix when she was a college girl at Vassar and in order to accompany him as a missionary to Burma at the time he was pledged to sail, she had to give up graduating the following June. How much this meant to her only those who knew her well could understand but she always said that she never regretted it.

In the early sixties there had been an extensive migration of the Shan race (estimated at about 10,000) to Toungoo district which was at that time the British Frontier and work was officially begun amongst them by the A. B. M. in the appointment of our Mrs. Johnson's father, Dr. Bixby, to Shan-Burmese work. In 1867, it was further strengthened by the appointment of Dr. and Mrs. Cushing to distinctly Shan work and in 1879 by the arrival of Rev. and Mrs. B. J. Mix, who at once applied themselves to mastering the language. Mr. Mix's health began to fail during the first rainy season and before another rains, he was ordered home in a vain effort to check the ravages of advancing tuberculosis. Those were days before the railroad and travel from Toungoo to Rangoon was by boat on the Sit-tang river. My family, returning to Burma, were coming up the river as Mr. and Mrs. Mix were going down.

Our boats drew alongside to exchange goodbyes and that was my only sight of Mr. Mix. He was very ill on the way to England and died just after arrival in Liverpool, September 13, 1881, leaving Mrs. Mix feeling completely broken.

They had handed over the work in Toungoo to Miss Mary Rockwood who had come out in 1880 under appointment to the Shans for school work and, with her, Mrs. Mix had formed a strong attachment in the brief time they were together, so that after the death of her husband, she felt drawn to return and be associated with Miss Rockwood for the Shans, on whose language she had already made a good beginning. Before arrangements were consummated however, word came that Mary Rockwood had died of typhoid fever. Mrs. Mix felt doubly bereaved and as if she could not face life alone in Burma. It was then that Mrs. Cushing stepped in and persuaded her that only in returning to carry on the work that her husband had been obliged to lay down, would she find comfort. She returned to Burma and Toungoo under the Womans' Board in 1883, but those early months and years held for her many lonely days during which she clung much to my mother and never tired of telling how when it seemed unbearable to eat alone, she would pack breakfast or dinner into a little basket kept for the purpose and bring it over to our home "to eat it in the cheerful company of Mrs. Petley." She called our house her "Refuge."

In the early nineties, after the taking of Upper Burma by the British, work began to be possible for the Shans in their own country. Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Griggs came out under appointment for Mongnai in 1892 and Mrs. Mix accompanied them there where she undertook school work and taught a daily Bible class of grown-ups. A letter written at that period of her life says, "I am far too busy to be

lonely." Her rescue of abandoned children whose mothers died at birth is well known to the older missionaries. In her desk, I have found a record of the birthdays of some forty. Mrs. Mix continued in this work at Mongnai till 1907 when the death of Dr. Cushing seemed to make it necessary for her to take up literary work in the Shan language in which she was an expert. With Mrs. Cushing (who was only able to stay one year) she came to share our home in Toungoo, November 1907, and was with us just ten years during which time there grew up a bond of love and admiration that only death has severed. She came up to Taunggyi with us when we were appointed to do part time work here while the Hendersons were on furlough. Mrs. Mix never went back to Lower Burma and with the exception of a short furlough home in 1924 never left Taunggyi.

Until permanently disabled to a certain extent by a slight shock in 1928, she lived in her own little bungalow built in 1919, having her meals with whoever was living at the Mission House on the same compound. After that she lived with Dr. and Mrs. Henderson in their own house on the hill where she greatly enjoyed the beauties of nature by which she was surrounded and where life on earth came to an end early in the morning of June 12 with many whom she had loved in life around her. It was a peaceful quiet passing from earth to Heaven.

We laid her body away in the late afternoon. The pastor of the church here was the leader of a service held at the house in Burmese and Shan for the native Christians, while Mr. Heptonstall conducted the English service at the grave. It was a bright afternoon and the European community turned out in entirety to do her honour. The principal and teachers of the Shan Chiefs' Sons School were

present as of course were ours, and Shan young men who had been her scholars in Mongnai days carried her coffin, smothered in wreaths of flowers. The girls of the girls' school that bears her name, were present in large numbers grouped around the grave with their Principal. Mr. Heptonstall spoke briefly of her scholarly mind, that she was probably second to none in her knowledge of the Shan language.

As Mrs. Mix came to Burma under the Woman's Board in 1883, she had been with the Society full fifty years and evinced her appreciation, as often mentioned, of their care and consideration, by leaving to the Ladies' Board, her furnished house, and what little money she might have saved in their trust for the extension of the Huldah Mix school under their administration.

In a note written to us on hearing of her death, the Commissioner said of Mrs. Mix, "She was a great scholar and leaves behind her a lasting memorial."

Elizabeth Heptonstall.



A Tribute to Mrs. Mix

The passing of Mrs. Mix breaks another link with the past. I have wished that those who have seen her only in these later years when she had failed in body and mind might have known her when she had vigor of both mind and body. She was so bright and keen in repartee and a delightful companion. When I came to Burma in 1901, a recent graduate of Vassar College, I was delighted to find that Mrs. Mix was also a "Vassar girl" and though she left in her senior year to marry and come to Burma, she was always devoted to her Alma Mater. It was interesting to hear her reminiscences of Vassar twenty years earlier, and she, on her part, was eager to hear the latest from the alumna of less than two years.

Leaving college to come with her young husband to foreign mission service was indicative of her high loyalty to love and duty but only a year later she returned to U. S. A. with her husband dying with T. B. After his death she felt she must carry on the work he had laid down, and she gave herself through a long life with unstinted devotion to the Shan people. For many years she lived in Mone when that station was a weary journey of three weeks from the railroad. Many of the best Shan Christians have been those rescued by Mrs. Mix and brought up in Christian living in the orphanage she conducted for many years. She was an authority on the Shan language—who of us has not been corrected for mispronouncing some apparently simple Shan name? The Shan dictionary is the product of her pen. She did a great work and the Shan Mission will ever be indebted to her.

Emma W. Marshall.



When the old ship "Lancashire" of the Bibby Line landed her fairly large missionary party in November of 1899, Mrs. Mix was at the jetty to meet us. She was stationed in Mongnai at that time, as were the Hendersons, and I had come to feel somewhat acquainted with her through their letters. She had however not come all the way from Mongnai, by cart and elephant, as one had to in those days, just to meet me, but had come to Rangoon for Conference and other interests. She and Dr. Cushing, ever mindful of the needs of the Shan mission, (and untrammelled by a Committee of Reference in those days) conferred together and decided that I would do for the Shan mission, and forthwith, used their persuasive powers to convince me that it was my duty to go at once to Mongnai. Pleased as I was with their approval of me and pleasant as was the pros-

pect of being near my sister, I had to remember that I had accepted an appointment to Kemmendine and must fill the need there first. In spite of my obstinacy, Mrs. Mix took me into her friendship from that time and has been during all the intervening years a warm-hearted and loyal friend. Especially during her years in Taunggyi, did I come to know her better, and to more fully appreciate her companionship. She was a keen reader and enjoyed conversation on worth-while world topics. Always fond of travel, she never wearied of sharing her experiences of other lands. Her keen sense of humour did not let her forget the amusing side of life, and many a laugh we enjoyed together over a donkey ride in Egypt, which she confessed was anything but amusing at the time. Already sensitive to her heavy weight, the owner of the donkey kept reminding her—"Donkey bery ty-ed, lady bery hea-by" until she would a thousand times, have preferred walking. And again at a foreign post office a chic young lady enquired for mail, giving her name without title. "'Miss' did you say?" enquired the post master. "Yes, from *choice*," was the curt response. Even during late years when her mind refused to function normally and she had no desire to read as in former years, comradeship in reading always awoke in her an interest. To have me read to her was always a treat and to be asked to read to my sister and me while we were sewing, gave her real pleasure even though she could not remember a thing she read. Her trained, scholarly mind seemed to work automatically correct, even when she did not perceive the purport of her reading. She never mispronounced a friendly word and if it was new it had to be explained at once, before she could proceed, just as in the days when she was mentally strong. Realizing that her memory was slipping,

it was pathetic to have her strive by repeating names of people and the commonest objects, *over and over again* within a few hours, just as a drill to memory. Those who knew her only in recent years missed the charm and loveliness of her real character, which we older friends cherish.

Julia St. John.



Burma's senior missionary has entered into the rest she so well earned and something seems decidedly amiss here in Taunggyi, for we can no longer see her sitting in her high-backed rocker or hear her tell of those far-away days when she came to Burma and more especially to the Shan States, to do an unique and enduring work.

I first knew Mrs. Mix when she came to Moulmein over thirty years ago, to be present at the marriage of Miss Ford. In the intervening years, my frequent visits to Taunggyi, and residence here the last eight years, gave me ample opportunity to know Mrs. Mix well. One thing that impressed me very much was her remarkable memory. Up to about three years ago she could tell "off-hand" year, month and day of any important event in her life. Who but Mrs. Mix would leave in her desk a record like this: "During my term of service I have been out of Burma (three furloughs) five years, eight months and eighteen days (5-8-18). Of that time I have been in America four years, seven months and sixteen days—(4-7-16). So I have spent in travelling (1-1-20)."

It was a great pleasure to all of us here as well as to her when she received her "Service" pin for twenty-five years in Burma. I for one, longed to see her receive one for fifty full years! Few attain the years that would entitle them to a "Diamond Service" pin and where is the woman who has left such a

literary record as Mrs. Mix has left? Oh, if she only could have willed her great knowledge of the Shan language to some of the younger generation of missionaries, what a legacy it would have been! But woe to the one who used it inaccurately! Her studious mind never could have brooked that. But has she not left to all new missionaries an incentive to "attain" in language work, though the midnight oil must be greatly consumed in doing it?

Like our Master Himself, during her early years, Mrs. Mix went about in jungle wastes and meagre villages "doing good," and in her later years did the tedious, minute work on Shan Bible and Dictionaries that only the highest type of scholar can do. Her work must abide while the Shans themselves endure.

God's love for His devoted servant was manifested through her long life and then in the darkening twilight in the gentle call that she heard and which carried her so peacefully away to be forever with her Lord. A few weary years? Yes, but—

"Think of

Stepping on shore and finding
it Heaven!

Of taking hold of a hand and
finding it God's hand,

Of breathing a new air and
finding it Celestial air,

Of feeling invigorated and
finding it Immortality,

Of passing from storm and
tempest to an unknown calm,

Of waking up and finding it
Home!"

L. B. Hughes.



When I first landed in Burma in the spring of 1919, the Board insisted on my spending the rainy season in the hills and I was therefore sent to Taunggyi for three months for language study and school work. Our household consisted of Dr. Henderson,

Mrs. Mix and myself and so it is easy to see why I feel a peculiar tenderness and admiration for her who was my first missionary friend.

She was only a little younger than my grandmother who had died just after I left home, and she took as much interest in me and my painful efforts to learn Burmese as if I were one of her beloved Mongnai orphans. From the beginning, her standards of scholarship were held before me; and her mental alertness and grasp of any subject made association with her delightful. Her scholarship and her keen sense of humour were some of the vivid colours in her personality.

Sheer strength was very much a part of her also. After her early years spent out here facing so much of hardship, it was not at all surprising that she insisted on returning to Burma on crutches when she was eighty years old, rather than postpone her sailing and wait for a sprained ankle to heal. What was a sprained ankle, compared to other things she had struggled with! The trip out with her was great fun and is one of my cherished memories.

I wish every one of our women missionaries could have known her well. Her life and character set a high standard for us who follow after.

Helen K. Hunt.



Friends of Mrs. Cochrane, formerly Miss Flora Northup of Judson College, will be grieved to hear of her husband's death on Thursday, June 29, after a very brief illness. Mr. Cochrane had been Professor of Forestry in University College, Rangoon, since 1928, where he had endeared himself to all his associates. Mrs. Cochrane expects to sail for England with her baby daughter, Jane Anne, on July 6th.

J. G. St. John.

Attention! Missionaries!

A letter from the New York office states that the salary for any given month should be based on the average rate of the preceding month and the context shows that they mean the previous month as formerly.

The rate for May should therefore be 326 General and 359 Women's and that for June 308 General and 341 Women's.

We have therefore passed an additional credit to bring May up to 326 and 359 and are crediting the proper amount for June on this corrected basis. There will hereafter be no need of crediting the salary in two items as the proper rate is known on the first of each month.

The July rate will be General 299 Women's 332.

Olive A. Hastings,
Mission Treasurer.



Continuing Christ

Some receive Christ as a sin-bearer and thus find pardon, but do not get beyond that, and so find their life is one of daily failure. Others receive Him as their risen Saviour also, and thus enter into an experience of victory over sin. But we must also take *Him* as our Deliverer from the power of sin, the keeper of our souls. Thus shall we achieve daily victory over sin.

R. A. Torrey.



Asiatic Christians

We were to have a Kachin Christian Convention. We expected that between four or five thousand delegates and visitors would attend. We sat down to plan and to estimate the cost. We would need five hundred baskets of rice, thirty head of cattle, twenty hogs, several thousand pounds of vegetables, two hundred viss of

salt, two hundred thousand large leaves used as wrappers for serving the food, and fifty cords of firewood. Then we would have to make a kitchen large enough to prepare all this food, it would require at least forty fireplaces with equally many huge pots. We would need twenty large wooden drums in which to cook the rice by steaming. We would need to prepare some sort of bamboo tables so that at least two thousand could be served in one sitting. No end of huts for sleeping quarters would have to be put up and stacks of straw would be needed for bedding. And above all we would have to erect a fairly good *mandat* large enough to accommodate four thousand people at least, and it must be well enough thatched to protect us from the sun as well as showers. For the making of the *mandat* and of all these huts, about three thousand bamboos would be required and as much thatch as six hundred people could carry. As Kachins work, it would require the labor of about one hundred persons for one solid month in order to get everything ready. Not one pice of mission money must be used. All the food, all the material, all the labor and all the money necessary must be taken care of by these poor "Asiatic Christians." Can they do it? Will they do it? Can we expect these first generation Christians to donate all the food, donate all the material, donate all the work, and to give money besides?

Let us wait and see. Here is a leaf out of my diary. It is February the 14th. I am in Nampaka the place for our Convention. I arrived about 10 o'clock. My heart was delighted to find some over one hundred people who had gladly responded to our call and were lustily working away with all their might. There are men, women and children. Some are weaving thatch for roofing, some are making bamboo splits, some are carry-

ing bamboo, some are digging, some are making benches. Here come fifteen women marching in a long line each one carrying a huge bundle of thatch, a heavy load they had carried seven miles. Here, behold, is a caravan of ten bullocks coming in from a district twenty miles away all loaded with rice. Here are some men just arriving, carrying *dahs* and hoes and, what is more, bringing their own supply of food, they have come willingly and eager to help.

Thus they worked from day to day from early morning until late at night. And best of all, during this time I never saw or heard one who grumbled. They worked eagerly and joyfully, and when the day of the Convention was at hand all was ready.

But again during the Convention we had to call for volunteers. We would need one hundred and fifty people to work hard day and night preparing, cooking, and serving the food. We would also need a large staff of ushers and servants looking after the well being of us all. Would they come? Yes, they came. They came willingly, forsaking the pleasure of attending the sessions of the Convention unselfishly and unstintingly giving their time and service free—"These Asiatic Christians"!

Every Kachin Christian in the Namhkam field made it a point to give, if not much, something. Those living far away would donate money. When the day of the Convention came, all was free—food, lodging, firewood, lamps, and all. Everybody who was hungry could sit down and eat—no questions asked. Even so, we could close with a credit balance of Rs. 400 which balance was turned over to the Kachin Home Mission Fund.

Something of the spirit of Jesus Christ must have possessed the hearts of these Christians. It was a no ending source of marvel to the non-Christians, here was not material gain, no visible honour, no merit seeking, and

yet these naturally lazy Kachins worked with a willingness and doggedness such as they had never seen before. Yes indeed they showed a spirit of sacrifice and unselfishness that can well be compared with any group of Christians anywhere.

Gustaf A. Sword.



Thayetmyo—Chin

As a result of the sowing of years, and especially of the attempt to awaken the Chins to the urgency of becoming Christians before the race is lost, we have had the joy of reaping more than ever before. So far in 1933 there have been 276 baptisms compared with 180 for all of 1932. And in 1932 there were over seventy more than in any previous year. And there are candidates for baptism in villages we were not able to visit.

Samo Tun Pa, one of the Chin preachers, extracted 100 loose teeth in the first three months of the year. I extracted only a little more than 700 in those three months so the total I have extracted so far this term is only a little over 4100 from at least fifteen different races.

E. Carroll Conduct.



Pegu—Burman

We are awake, and busy, and happy in Pegu. Despite the fact that the head of the Mission has gone on furlough, the rest of us are "at it," and somewhat busier because of the extra job. We are uniting to fill up the gap.

School opened on the 25th of May, with twenty more on the rolls the first day than on the opening day last year. We are well over the two-hundred mark at present, and new ones entering almost daily. There are fourteen in seventh standard in place of the four we had last year. But it is painful to see the twenty or more who are not allowed to take Bible study, sitting

in the big hall studying during Bible period. I have no class in ethics, for I don't know how to teach ethics apart from the Great Master of ethics, Jesus Christ. I should be very much happier to have a smaller number on the rolls and have them all studying Bible. How I envy Miss Parrott!

We had several workers busy in Vacation Bible Schools this year. They held schools in five different villages and have come back with glowing accounts of the interest shown by children and older villagers. They took with them some simple remedies for the various diseases found there, and did a considerable amount of good with them, both in relieving suffering and in creating interest in their work.

We have opened up three Sunday Schools for non-Christians, and are laying plans for another soon. As usual, my particular job in this work is in the village of Kali, three miles from Pegu. Two teachers and I go out every Sunday morning in a gharry. My dreams of sometime having a car have not yet materialized. The two teachers run the Sunday School while I visit the neighbours and play at doctor. You might think me to be a well qualified physician, judging by the number of cases brought to me out there. I find it a great comfort to have our splendid Christian Civil Surgeon, Dr. Lao Htin Poh, handy and willing when we find difficult cases, beyond my very limited range. In his life and work, Christ is put first. He, too, is taking an interest in Kali. Once he went out with me and brought in a sick woman to the hospital, and doubtless saved her life. One evening last March, he gave a stereopticon health lecture in the village. Also, he has persuaded the villagers and installed there a few of the new kind of latrines used in Mr. Case's work. The villagers recognize him as a friend.

One man in the village mentioned has asked for baptism. For a year his little son has been in the Civil Hospital in Pegu with tubercular joints. It is a grave doubt whether he can live long; but we pray that, through him, his family and village may be won for Christ.

During hot season vacation, five people were baptized in Pegu. Our pastor, Saya Tha Aung, is a good worker. As my brother says, he doesn't have to be told what to do. He has ideas of his own, and knows how to set himself to work.

Letters come from "my folks." They visited Malta, and saw "the place where Paul must have swam ashore;" were in Naples at last writing.

Mary L. Parish.



Grindelwald, Switzerland,
25th May, 1933.

To all our folks in Burma.

Dear friends,

After two weeks of travel and sight-seeing in Italy we arrived at this beautiful place among the mountains of Switzerland. From our front windows, as I write I can look out on three snow-capped peaks, and two glaciers. Hope that sends a shiver down your back. We have had a wonderful trip. First a week in India: two days in Calcutta two days in Agra, two days in Delhi, and two half days on the train. We saw the Taj Mahal, and the Fort in Agra, and they are indescribable. We saw the Kutab Minar, a tower 238 ft. high, which we climbed, and also the fort, in Delhi. The most notable event in India was the twenty-four hour trip from Delhi across the desert to Bombay. I can describe that trip in three words, "*Dirty, dirtier, and the dirtiest*" ride we ever took. Then we had twelve days on the P. & O. S. S. Mooltan, and landed at Malta the 10th May. We visited St. Paul's Bay, saw the great bastions of the fortifi-

cations made by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, about five hundred years ago. Also saw our first cathedral. Then we were a night on a small boat to Catania, at the foot of Mt. Etna. We had breakfast up on the slope of that volcano, surrounded by lava, and vineyards, and with smoke pouring out of the top. Then we took a train for Messina, and crossed the strait to Reggio, where Paul touched. During that ride and the whole length of Italy, we passed through tunnel after tunnel, it seems to us that we have passed through more than one hundred. We took a night train from Reggio to Naples, and four of us slept(?) in a small compartment made only for day travel. All the trains are crowded; this is a Holy Year, and also there is a great Fascist Exposition going on in Rome, and because of that we got a 70% reduction on the railway by buying our tickets in Malta, outside of Italy, for the whole distance we travelled, the whole length of the country. But we had to visit the Exposition and have our tickets stamped there. We spent two and one half days in Naples, saw Putiole, where Paul landed on Italian soil as a prisoner, also Vesuvius Pompeii. We travelled from there to Rome over the old Appian way on foot, we went by train and then went out by motor car over the New Appian way, and saw the old Appian way. We spent four great days in Rome; the city was crowded, so we had a hard time to find a place in a hotel, went to three before one would take us in, then had to hunt our food outside. Took a three days' sight-seeing tour, saw the old Forum, Colliseum, were there twice, the Vatican and St. Peter's, were there also twice, the Church of St. John Lateran and Scala Sancta, where Martin Luther was converted while going up on his knees. There are about fifty steps and pilgrims go up on their knees saying a prayer on

each step. We saw thirty-five by actual count on the steps at one time. We also saw the Catacombs. One sometimes packs more into three days than into a year of ordinary going, so it was then. We took half a day extra to go back to some of the things a second time, and get a better idea. We climbed to the top of St. Peter's dome. Then we went on to Florence. We saw the Crown prince ride by, a flower show, three picture galleries, all in old Royal Palaces, the tombs of Michael Angelo, and Rossini, the house of Dante, the spot, marked by a slab, where Savonarola was burned at the stake, and then went on to Milan. There we spent only part of an afternoon, saw the Last Supper by deVinci, and the great gothic cathedral, the most impressive of any we have seen. It took us two weeks to see that much of Italy, we could have spent much more time and still not have seen much. We have sort of a confused idea of it all, old historic things that one reads of, and seldom sees. And new things intermingled. But it has been very much worth while. We are now resting a few days before the next move. Had a trip through the Simplon tunnel yesterday, took seventeen minutes to pass through. As soon as we arrived at a hotel, while waiting for the luggage to arrive, we were treated to the sight of a snow slide down the mountain. There are three huge peaks in front of our house. We are all well and happy and cold. Had to wear sweaters this morning. This is from the Parishes, and the whole Josif gang. All going strong.

M. C. Parish.

P. S.—I wrote the first part of this letter yesterday, then laid it aside to cool off. We awoke this morning, the 26th of May, 1933, to find it snowing. It had snowed on the mountain slopes down to the grass line, and some below, during the night. But for more than an hour it has been snow-

ing here. We have a fire in a stove, and it feels fine. Now shiver some more. The children are seeing something for the first time, and got somewhat excited about it, especially Emily and Paul. M. C. P.



Thonze — Burman

Have been off the job too much this month. First, at the Pasteur Institute. Then, when I got home, I found the reaction worse than bite or the injections, either or both. The directions said "keep quiet for ten days." I forgot to read them till eight days were past. But it is over now.

After that came four more days at Committee work—a whole month nearly gone and nothing done.

We have sowed tracts up and down the Prome Road till I am almost ashamed to throw them overboard, I have repeated them so often. We only have twenty-seven varieties whereas we should have *fifty-seven*. Can't somebody write some more good ones?

Well, last week a deputation came from a village about ten miles up asking to know more about our religion. They had picked up several different kinds of tracts and had read them and discussed them. Yesterday two preachers spent the day there. They were surprised at how much they knew of "The Way." Twelve men gave their names as ready to be baptized. When the pastor heard about it, he was a bit dubious, but said he would go up and see shortly. One of the preachers has in his mind the picture of a church in that village. Why not? "Where there is no vision the people perish." It was only last month that we baptized forty in a village twenty miles north. The pastor at Zigon thinks there will be as many more before the year is out. That is enough for a church. I heard my old Divinity School professor tell about

his first church. It had twenty-one members—three pillars and eighteen pillarettes. But this one would be nearly the reverse for the ratio at present is five women to thirty-five men. Zigon is sharing its pastor with them fifty-fifty. Christian, isn't it?

All three of our schools are about the same size this year—140. We can't guess which one will lead, all are a little below last year's enrollment. We wonder that it is not less when we consider the low price of paddy!

"How does your garden grow?" Well, I never saw the like! You can stick a plant in anywhere now and it will grow. Rains every day. Soon there will be blossoms everywhere. Almost too wet for football, but they play anyway. J. T. Latta.



A Moving Message from Sandoway

In more than one way, Sandoway seems to be a moving district. Lest you doubt it, we'll prove it.

Late in March Miss Ragon, after a short but strenuous term of ten months, moved out. Early in May, the Hollingworths moved in. And *how!* (Arrived at Andrew Bay 3:00 p.m. At 9:30 p.m. were still bobbing about the bay, trying to land personal baggage. It was delivered two days later.)

First news on the field was the announced death of Saya U Maung, pastor at Kyaitdaw, just the day before we arrived. In the morning of our third day, we were up at 4:30, walked three miles (had to wade the Sandoway river—ladies not excepted) to Shinaung village where, before 9:30 a.m., sixteen adults and three children were baptized. We were served our breakfast in a brand-new little school building, just erected by the little band of Christians in the village.

Walked back to Sandoway by noon, to greet and install our household goods, which the boats could bring no nearer than six miles away. At 10:00 p.m. the last box arrived.

During our second week, word came announcing the baptism of fourteen persons at Done village; and from other points eight more were reported, making a total of forty-eight in the district since the Association met, early in April.

One week after our trip to Shinaung, two of the new converts came in and reported the destruction of their new schoolhouse. It had been deliberately fired, supposedly by someone who resented the recent advance of Christianity thereabouts. The matter was reported to the Sandoway police, but the little Christian group has decided to rebuild—for the general good of the village.

Several of our boys and girls took this week's boat to Rangoon, going to college or schools in Rangoon, Kemmendine and Moulmein. The monsoon has arrived, and as this is being written, one can hear the pounding of the waves on the shore of the bay, five miles away. The local school opens May 30th. Station Committee meets the same day.

Sidney V. Hollingworth.



C. E. Eveleth, General Electric Vice-President, Is Dead

Charles Edward Eveleth, son of Rev. F. H. Eveleth, dies at Schenectady, New York, following an illness of several months.

During the war, he made important discoveries in the locating of submarines by radio. He had been president of the board of education at Schenectady and served on various civic bodies. He was also a member of the board of trustees of Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

The Burman Bible Revised

The work of Bible revision for which we came out this last term is finished. Judson's Burman Bible revised, and with references complete, both for the Old Testament and the New, is all in type and will be ready very soon. It has meant a great deal of hard work on our part during the past six years, and we are grateful to God for the health which has enabled us to carry it through. The references are from the American Revision, and were put in by Mrs. H. C. Stevens, scholarly daughter of a scholarly father, Dr. Mason, who translated the Bible into Sgaw Karen. Of course we were responsible for checking and eliminating so that the references may throw light upon the text as *revised*. Miss H. Phinney helped us much by reading all the proof for the New Testament. After reading the first proof, she sent it to us and we read and checked it, but all the rest of the work was hers. Our Mission Press, by their excellent work, greatly lightened the task of proof reading. Both the text and the references were done so well that our work was comparatively easy. We trust that not many errors may be found to have crept into the text.

It is our prayer, and we are sure that it is yours also, that this Bible may be of great service to the people of Burma.

John McGuire.



Shwegyin

Every day and in every weigh the Kleins did better this hot season. How different from the last season with Mrs. Klein in the hospital! Even though I left much food go to waste, four pounds were added to my waist. At Maymyo, Miss Craft said Klein and Sutton were so roly-poly. I laughed at that. First of all, she did not know the immigrant in the play about "Ethelred Eden-Eden" wore my shorts and burst the buttons off. They were sewed on tight too.

Secondly, I can get into my clothes easily, but the immigrant had some difficulty with them, and finally, my chest has not quite fallen to the extent that I am as broad at the waist as I am tall. He is a good all-round man. I remember about stones and glass houses.

This past hot season, I made my first trip to Inle Lake and Mandalay. The trip to Maymyo by car was a pleasure indeed. I shall not forget it. Fletcher is a champion dog killer. The dogs never knew what struck them. Even though he honked them off the road, they stood and stared too long. One very amusing sight was the way a cow shielded her calf which ran down the road ahead of us about a furlong.

The trip down from Taunggyi was quite decent but we arrived in Shwegyin in the heat. What a swelter for several days and then the rain! The monsoons broke with a great deluge and it has been raining every day since the 20th of May. The river is rising rapidly and we can go to Madauk, the railhead, by sampan now. Usually, this is impossible before the middle of June. Coming back from Rangoon on the 26th, I had nine boxes of supplies and goods. I engaged two carts to negotiate the two miles from Madauk to Shwegyin. We proceeded exactly one mile an hour through the mud. Since then the river way has come into use, and it is much easier and quicker. Shwegyin is beautiful now. There is such a freshness about the place. The garden, lawn, shrubs, drains and compound are getting much needed attention. Mrs. Klein is busy bossing the *coolie* about repotting the plants, cleaning the house and keeping the Pyinmana Barred Rock fowl house immaculately clean. Those fowls do not respond very well to her tender loving care. She knows about raising babies and keeping them in good condition. Balanced diet does not seem to affect those Barred Rocks.

They are a terrible looking bunch now that they are going through the moulting season. All the cocks have lost their tail feathers. This moulting season has lasted over four months and by all indications will last several months longer.

The school opened with only forty pupils. We have seventy now and very few prospects of any more. Most of these do not have fees. It looks as if we have another orphanage. The school committee are permitting the parents to pay fees in kind. Several bottles of excellent honey have come in. The prospect is for quite a bit of honey to be sent in, though the season is a little late. Next year there will be more. The honey will be used in cough medicines and the excess will be sold. This honey is pure and has not been used to wash any corpses. You have heard the stories about honey. This comes from regions where the people do not see pongyis. Besides honey, the people will bring in firewood, rice and fish in various kinds including the variety that smells. All this will be in lieu of fees. We may have to start a co-operative market. If anyone wants any honey, just send me word. We have less than Rs. 200 unpaid fees from last year and we hope to get about half of these, but the remainder are uncollectable. Had those fees come in, the school would have been clear of debt. We face this year with courage.

During the hot season the pupils gave a good account of themselves in the spreading of the Gospel. They conducted many campaigns and did much work in the villages. Two girls of the school gospel team have not returned to the school, but have taken charge of a jungle school just started about thirty miles south of Shwegyin. The prospects are very promising in this area for a number have been baptized already. Far to the north is another village in which over twenty want to be baptized but are

meeting objections from parents and relatives. I have not had time to call the pupils together for a meeting about the hot season work. Expect to hear more about it later. The school is being revised a bit. I am hoping to get more project work done but the teachers are unable to see that a revision of the time-table is necessary. The time-table is something like the laws of the Medes and the Persians or, shall we say, like the customs of the Karens and Burmans. What is written is written and cannot be changed. We shall see.

C. L. Klein.



Bassein—Karen

For the first time I attended the Maymyo Bible Assembly and I feel it was well worth while. There were eleven of us from Bassein and every one received help. Already I've seen its influence in the boys who have returned to school.

On my return to Bassein, I found letters telling me of my father's death on March 24, in his eighty-ninth year. The radio carried the announcement to friends at a distance. He failed to write his weekly letter only the last Sunday.

School reopened May 18 and the present enrollment is about 460. Our school staff has been strengthened by the return of two former teachers. In Standard X, fifty-five per cent passed and all but one are eligible for college. There is a good spirit among the pupils. Some are attending Bible Class who did not last year. The Fellowship Group is larger than last year and all are interested in the C. E. Project—Building an Honest Student. The C. E. Society has gained new members and the attendance has increased. The Intermediate Department in S. S. has been restarted having been dropped last year because of the small enrollment.

Thra San Ba sends the following:—

"The meeting of the Bassein-Myaungmya Association was held last

March at On-chaung, on the other side of the Yomah by the sea, a village which is noted for its coconuts. The village is not easily accessible. However, some 2000 people found their way across the mountains after one or two days' journey, and they fully enjoyed the natural scenery and the liberal hospitality provided by the people.

"The meetings were unusually well attended, owing to the people not being able to leave the village so easily as they usually do in the villages in the plains. The delegates still missed their old missionary and many of the villagers remembered the many visits which the robust missionary made in his early days to their place. The people were determined to carry on their work without any foreign missionary and voted to have Sir San C. Po as their leader in place of Dr. Nichols. He is going to be formally installed on the 17th May in a meeting which is going to be convened in honour of the knighthood conferred upon him at the beginning of the year, by the King-Emperor. We are glad to record that Sir San C. Po has favourably responded to this vote of his people.

"We are facing the worst year in the history of the mission, and the school does not at all have a bright outlook financially. However, the people are determined to put greater efforts into the work of the year. They have reduced the school fees substantially (boarding is to be free for all students) but expect to feed more pupils. The results of the High School examination are unusually good this year, and with the return of Thramu Claribel I. Po to the high department, we hope the results next year will be equally good."

Clara B. Tingley.



The peacock letter paper is now available from the Press in ruled sheets at Rs. 2/4 per 100, for reselling to school children in small quantities.

The Seminaries

The Seminaries have opened this year with large entering classes. In the Collegiate Department there are five new students and with five who failed to pass last year, we have a class of ten. There are six in the third-year class and four in the second-year class, making an enrollment of full-time students of twenty-four. There are others who are taking part-time work. The addition to the faculty are Dr. Wyatt, Rev. B. M. Jones who is living on the Hill and also teaching in the Burman Seminary and Sayama Ma Nyein Tha.

The Burman Seminary is now under the capable leadership of Saya U Ba Han. They have an enrollment of thirty-nine students of whom sixteen are in the entering class.

In the Karen Seminary, there are thirty new students. As in the Burmese school the young men entering this year are nearly all those who have studied the seventh standard or above. As one of our staff remarked after the first social for the new students, "they seem to have a greater spirit of leadership than previous classes." There is a fine spirit of coöperation on the Hill and the day of prayer observed in the various departments seemed to bring out a deep spirit of devotion and earnest consecration.

There were some fine reports of vacation work given in all departments. Some of these have already been given in the News. One group of students travelling in Thaton district came upon a great gathering of several thousand Karens who were waiting for the appearance of a *nat*. But as the *nat-saya* worked himself up into a trance, he failed to get the response from the demon that he was expecting. Finally, he had to give it up and the people were about to leave when the leader of the Student group asked permission to sing a few songs. They were given permission and the crowd stayed and listened till night and their big pile of tracts melted

away like wax. They won a hearing and, what is more, a welcome so that in every village that they visited after that, they were given a warm reception. One group which travelled in Shwegyin was accompanied by one of the ordained pastors of that field and he baptized over 100 candidates as a result of the season's trips with the team.

We are glad to hear that Dr. Wiatt writes that he has obtained his doctor's certificate and therefore expects to be back with us for the opening of the next term.

H. I. Marshall.



Ten facts after ten years at Pyinmana

1. The Pyinmana Agricultural School has completed ten years of teaching during which 381 students enrolled of whom 90 have completed the four-year course and graduated and 182 completed two years of the course. The average age was 18 on entering, the majority had only a vernacular education and only three of the graduates were not Christians.

2. Those who have been trained are going back to the service of the villages. Of the graduates, 59 per cent. have gone back to do agricultural work with their own hands and a total of 90 per cent. have taken up some form of work directly serving the villages. Only 5.5 per cent. went into Government service and 16.7 per cent. into agricultural mission work.

3. There were 140 acres under cultivation the past year and the total income of the Farm was Rs. 12,194. The Farm made a profit of Rs. 553 after paying the students Rs. 3,653 for labour to support themselves.

4. Rice was planted on 46 acres (about half the normal acreage because of unfavourable rainfall) and yielded 1,658 baskets of paddy. Other crops were found to take the place of rice on a considerable area.

5. At the present low prices for all crops, the following were found to give more profit than rice: 10½ acres of Lablab bean (Pegyi) yeilding 149 baskets of seed; 15 acres of Mungo bean (Matpe) yeilding 182 baskets; 19 acres maize yeilding 160,500 ears; 11 acres of Chick pea (Gram) yeilding 122 baskets of seed and 5½ acres of sugar cane yeilding 4,422 viss of Kyantaga jaggery (raw sugar).

6. The vegetable garden occupied ten acres and gave an income of Rs. 1,937. The sales outside the school were not as large as last year. We desire to increase our sales to schools and individuals and thus help the students to earn their way. Sweet corn, string beans, sweet pepper, cucumber and native vegetables are abundant in the rainy season, and cabbage, Lima beans, tomato, onion, beet, carrot and turnip in the cold season.

7. There are over 2 acres in fruit trees. The seedless guava, grape, Nagpur orange, sweet lime, pomelo, sapodilla, lichi, jujube and mango are among the grafted tress planted.

8. The "loose box" method of collecting farm refuse and mixing it with the manure under the cattle where they stand, has been tried with success and economy. The whole mass of material is dug out and put in the fields only about two or three times a year.

9. There were 68 pigs on hand at the end of the year. The Berkshires have been much in demand and all that could be spared have been sold at good prices. When crossed on the native village sows they show remarkable prepotency.

10. There were 74 hens and 266 chicks on hand at the end of the year and the hens laid 7,270 eggs during the year. The Barred Plymouth Rocks lay best in the wet months of July to September and the White Leghorns lay best in the hot dry

months of March to May. September to November the imported breeds are moulting and lay the fewest eggs. The native Chittagong breed lays more eggs during these months than the imported breeds. An epidemic of the "Raniket" disease has killed off 90 per cent. of the poultry population around Pyinmana, but we have been protected by carefully keeping our birds segregated in pens and by placing the feed inside the houses and covering the entrances with curtains so that crows which spread the disease could not touch it.

On the whole, the farm has followed the plan of subsistence farming. The purchases from outside for the boarding department and animal feed have been reduced to a minimum and the crops which could be consumed by the school and farm have been increased to a maximum.

With the reopening of the school in May, 1933 new pupils have entered and the total enrolment is nearly 70. The rainy season vegetables will be available Mondays and Thursdays beginning the first part of July. Sweet corn, cucumbers for pickling, string beans, and lettuce come first, then beets, carrots and sweet peppers in August. Pork will also be available for the Thursday shipments when we have sufficient orders.

Brayton C. Case.



Indian Clubs

We have the following Indian Clubs in stock which we will be glad to donate to any school that can make use of them.

17 pairs 5 lb.

99 pairs 3 lb.

A. B. M. Press.



Salter, Sir Arthur

RECOVERY

This book has gone through seven editions very rapidly, the last being

published in March, 1933. The author has been a prominent League of Nations official, and it is refreshing to find such a masterful survey of the political and economic aspects of world chaos which at the same time is devoid of nationalistic digs at other nations. It answers many questions about current economic affairs which missionaries have asked of me in recent months.

J. R. Andrus

(Stocked by the Mission Press,
Rs. 3-12).



Field Secretary's Notes

There are three items of interest to the Mission which by the courtesy of the News I am placing before you as more apt to receive your notice than the Reference Committee Bulletin.

1. I am frequently approached, by school managers and by teachers, to suggest some suitable teacher for a position or for some position suitable for a teacher. I believe it would be a valuable service to both managers and teachers if we had a list of positions and also of teachers available kept up to date in this office for your reference. Will you therefore make it known as far and wide as you can among unemployed teachers, that we will keep a list of applicants for positions on file. The qualifications, experience, etc., should accompany each name with the testimonial of superintendents served.

2. It will assist us considerably if those who are sending in requests to the Reference Committee would get them in early. It both hinders and delays the Reference Committee to have financial requests come in at the last minute or during the meeting, which make the financial statements prepared for the Reference Committee largely useless. It is an assistance to the Committee to have all this material in hand before the meeting, and often times a little more foresight on your part will help us much.

3. When we, at the office, had cleared the slate following the recent Reference Committee meeting, we were happy to find our reserve funds in a far better condition than was anticipated, due to a few very large refunds or cancellation of balances. There is still one item of Rs. 3,000 which we hope the General Board will provide, and if it does, I anticipate no further need for adjustments for the present year at the October meeting.

Field Secretary.



Vernacular Literature

The nation is going vernacular. There can hardly be a doubt of this. It was inevitable that when a Burmese Ministry came into power, the Burmese language would come into a larger place in the intellectual life of the Province. The present policy is evidently strongly in favour of fostering vernacular education. This constitutes a need and also an opportunity for literary work in the vernacular beyond anything known for a generation or two.

The illustrated Christian magazine, the Dammaletyone, published entirely in Burmese, meets this need to a small extent. Subscriptions and orders for single copies are coming in daily. If you do not want to miss getting *your* copies of the special July number, better get your order in now, addressing me, care of the Mission Press, Rangoon, as I shall probably be here through most of July.

The July number is to have about twice the amount of reading matter of any previous number. It is to feature especially the Burman Woman's Bible School at Insein. Those who see the picture of Miss Ranney and Miss Phinney, in this number, will probably agree that this engraving is unique in its excellence as a work of art.

A. C. Hanna.

For Sale

A few of Mrs. Nichols' things are yet to be sold and there seems to be no demand for them here in Bassein. We thought that perhaps there might be some things which some of the missionaries might desire.

The following list may contain things which you need:—

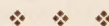
	Rs.	a.
1 Dinner set with extra dishes (new) ..	75	0
Part of a dinner set ..	25	0
Typewriter ..	250	0
Mosquito net (large, almost new) ..	9	0
Ironing board ..	2	0
Scales ..	3	0

ALUMINIUM WARE

Roaster ..	6	0
Saucepan (with cover) ..	0	12
Saucepan (with handle) ..	3	0
Saucepan (with handle and cover) ..	3	8
Colander ..	3	8
Strainer (with 4 sieves) ..	2	0
Double Boiler ..	3	8
Round loaf cake tin (with removable bottom) ..	0	12

If any one is interested, write to us and we will give further information about the things you desire. The aluminium articles are almost new.

Frances E. Crooks.



College Chapel

The Dedication of the Judson College Chapel will take place at 10-30 a.m., Sunday, July the 30th. On the same day at 6 p.m., a sacred musical concert will be given in the Chapel.

All friends of the College are invited.



Raymond — Raney

Mrs. Agnes Raymond and Rev. J. Lester Raney were married in the American School, Taunggyi, on July 5th. A fuller announcement will appear in the NEWS next month.



Deaths

On July 1, 1933, at Moulmein, Rev. Robert Halliday.

On June 12, 1933, at Taunggyi, Mrs. Huldah W. Mix, aged 87 years.

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